

New York War Camp Community Service

SONG



SHEET

A Singing Welcome to a Victorious Singing Army

"MAKE GOOD ON YOUR SERVICE FLAG"

"A JOB FOR EVERY STAR"

Our Army has learned how to sing. Let us get ready to sing with the boys when they come home

Compiled by

Francis J. Tyler, Organizing Director N. Y. Community Singing Dept.

1. Star Spangled Banner

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

2. America

Words—Samuel F. Smith Music—Thomas Ball

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.
Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song,
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

3. God Save the King

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king!

4. Garibaldi Hymn

Italian National Hymn

All forward to battle! the trumpets are crying,
All forward! All forward! our flag is flying,
When liberty calls us, we linger no longer;
Rebels, come on, thousand to one!
Liberty, Liberty, deathless and glorious,
Under thy banner, thy sons are victorious,
Free souls are valiant, and strong arms are stronger,
God shall go with us; and battles be won,
Hurrah for the banner! Hurrah for the banner!
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free.

5. Marseillaise

Words and Music—Rouget De Lisle

Ye sons of Freedom, awake to glory!
Hark, hark what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary:
Behold their tears, and hear their cries,
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

Chorus

To arms, to arms ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on,
All hearts resolved
On victory or death!

6. **Battle Hymn of the Republic**

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord:

He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored:

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

Chorus

Glory! Glory Hallelujah!

Glory! Glory Hallelujah!

Glory! Glory Hallelujah!

His truth is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies,
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom
That transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

7. **Marseillaise**

Words by J. Edward Weld

At last the Day of France has come again

And her Glory will never fade;

Tho the long, dark years were full of pain

Our Hope was never betrayed,

Our Hope was never betrayed.

Now once more we enfold our children—

Brave Alsace and fair Lorraine—

We hear the joyful refrain

From the souls of our martyred companions,

All Hail—to Glorious France—

Hurrah—for Victory—

March on—March on—for Truth, Right and Love,

With God—for Victory.

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8. **La Marseillaise**

Allons enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Contre nous de la tyrannie,
L'étendard sanglant est levé!
L'étendard sanglant est levé!
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes,
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras,
Egorger nos fils, nos compagnes!
Aux armes citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! Marchons!
Qu'un sang impur,
Abreuve nos sillons!

9. **Columbia, The Gem of The Ocean**

Words and Music—David T. Shaw

O, Columbia! the gem of the ocean

The home of the brave and the free,

The shrine of each patriot's devotion,

A world offers homage to thee.

Thy mandates make heroes assemble,

When Liberty's form stands in view;

Thy banners make tyranny tremble,

Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

Chorus

Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,

Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,

The Army and Navy forever,

Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

10. **Sweet Adeline**

Sweet Adeline, my Adeline,

At night dear heart

For you I pine.

In all my dreams

Your fair face beams

You're the flower of my heart

Sweet Adeline.

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11. **Dixie**

Words and Music—Dan D. Emmett

I wish I was in the land of cotton,

Old times there are not forgotten,

Look away. Look away! Look away! Dixie Land

In Dixie Land where I was born in,

Early on one frosty mornin',

Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land

Chorus

Then I wish I was in Dixie,

Hooray! Hooray!

In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,

To live and die in Dixie.

Away, away, away down south in Dixie,

Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

25.

Old Black Joe

Words and Music—Stephen Foster

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,

Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from this earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Chorus

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low,
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

26.

Old Folks at Home

Words and Music—Stephen Foster

Way down upon the Swanee river,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

Chorus

All the world is sad and dreary,
Every where I roam,
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

27.

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

Words and Music—James Bland

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and taters
grow;
There's where the birds warble sweetly in the spring-
time;
There's where this old darky's heart does long to go;
There's where I labored so long for old master,
Day after day in that field of yellow corn;
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the place where I was born.

Chorus

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and taters
grow,
There's where the birds warble sweetly in the spring-
time,
There's where this old darky's heart does long to go

28.

Invocation

Words—Howard N. Fuller Tune—"America"

God bless our noble men,
Our brave and loyal men,
Be Thou their stay!
Stretch forth Thy mighty arm,
Shield them from ev'ry harm,
Oh, still our hearts' alarm,
Dear Lord, we pray!
God bless our gallant men,
Bring them safe home again,
The vict'ry won;
Be theirs the hero's prize,
The fame which never dies,
Or Freedom's sacrifice,
Thy will be done!

29. When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah!
Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, Hurrah!
Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home!
The old church bell will peal with joy, Hurrah!
Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy, Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies gay
With roses they will strew the way
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home!
Get ready for the jubilee, Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the heroes three times three, Hurrah!
Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home!

30.

Dear Old Pal of Mine

Oh, How I want you,
Dear old pal of mine,
Each night and day I pray you're always mine.
Sweetheart may God bless you,
Angel hands caress you,
While sweet dreams rest you,
Dear old pal of mine.

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31. There's a New Watch on the Rhine

Words and Music by John B. Foster

There's a new watch on the Rhine,
A lank, lean visaged man,
Well knit and straight
And brisk of gait
Each inch American.

Chorus

When his country called,
He shouldered his gun
And he sailed across the sea,
He's the Uncle Sam boy,
Who put the Hun on the run,
And he carries the flag of the free.

There's a new flag on the Rhine,
Red, White and Blue with stars,
Without a smack
Of pirate black:

Just freedom's glorious bars.

Chorus

There's a new song on the Rhine,
"My country, 'tis of thee",
A chorus grand

Enthrills the land,
Our hymn of liberty.

Chorus

There's a new watch on the Rhine,
White souled American,
"Come be ye free"

Wide flings his plea,
To the brotherhood of man.

Chorus

32. Oh! Frenchy

Frenchy, Oh Frenchy, Frenchy—
Although your language is so new to me,
When you say, "Oui oui, la la"—
"We" means you and me, la la—
Oh! Frenchy, Oh Frenchy, Frenchy—
You've won my love with your bravery.
March on, March on, with any girl you see
But when you la la la la la,
Oh, Frenchy save your la la la's for me.

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33. Give a Little Credit to the Navy

Give a little credit to the Navy
We took the boys across
Without a single loss
Ev'ry soldier is a fighting bear
But don't forget it give us credit.
We took'em over there
Mothers of soldiers sweethearts and wives
We'll take care of your boys
Though it costs us our lives—
So give a little credit to the Navy
The Navy will do its share.

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34. Welcome Home, Laddie Boy, Welcome Home

Welcome home, Laddie Boy, welcome home,
To the arms you left for arms across the foam,
To the one you loved the strongest on that parting
day,
To the one you kissed the longest when you marched
away.

But now you're home again, home again,
Never more to roam again.

Here's the way I feel about it,
From the roof I want to shout it,
Welcome home, Laddie Boy, welcome home!

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35. Good-bye France

Good-hye France,
We'd love to linger longer, but we must go home;
Folks are waiting to welcome us, across the foam;
We were glad to stand side by side with you,
Mighty proud to have died with you:
So good-bye France,
You'll never be forgotten by the U. S. A.

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36. Wee Wee Marie

Wee Wee Marie, will you do zis for me—
Wee Wee Marie, then I'll do zat for you,
I love your eyes, they make me feel so spoony,
You'll drive me loony, you're teasing me,
Why can't we parley-vous, like other sweethearts do,
I want a kiss or two from Ma Chérie,
Wee Wee Marie, if you'll do zis for me
Then I'll do zat for you,
Wee Wee Marie.

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37. Ring Out, Sweet Bells of Peace

A white dove flies at the dawning,
An angel sings o'er the sea;
"This is a wondrous morning,
For freedom and Liberty!"
Lo, out from the stars of midnight,
God bade all war to cease;
And now for the waiting nations.
At last there reigneth Peace!

Chorus

Ring out! Ring out! Ring out, sweet bells of Peace!
Ring out! Ring out! the Lord has sent release!
The world is safe, and right is won!
The vict'ry's gained, the task is done!
The clouds of war at last shall cease,
Ring out sweet bells of Peace!

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38. Till We Meet Again

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu
When the clouds roll by, I'll come to you.
Then the skies will seem more blue
Down in lover's lane my dearie,
Wedding bells will ring so merrily
Ev'ry tear will be a memory
So wait and pray each night for me
Till we meet again.

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39. Have A Smile

Have a smile for ev'ry one you meet,
And ev'ry one will have a smile for you.
Ev'ry mile along life's busy street
Is filled with friendship true.
Each tomorrow
Brings new sorrow,
So why borrow tears?
The thing to do is have a smile
For ev'ry one you meet,
And they will have a smile for you.

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**40. The Navy Took Them Over and the Navy
Will Bring Them Back**

On the sea, we've other heroes, too,
On the sea, our sailor boys in blue;
With their swift Destroyers, "Submarine Annoyers",
They've been tried and true:
God bless them! Now this war is over, "Over
There",
We'll have to take our hats right off to Jack;
Tho' the Army is the clover,
'Twas the Navy took them over, and the Navy will
bring them back!

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41. Indianola

Me hear cannon roar,
Me help Yank win war,
Me much like to kill,
Scalp old Kaiser Bill;
Me go to fight in France,
Me do a big war dance,
Me love a maiden so,
Wed Chief 'fore he go.
Indianola's lover grunted twice, Huh! Huh!
Indianola think her Chief much nice, Huh! Huh!
Indianola ask her dad's advice
Chief keep pleading:
Me hear the great big cannon roar,
Me want to help Yank man win war,
Me like to fight and to heap much kill,
Got to go and tomahawk Kaiser Bill;
Me go along to fight in France
Me once again do big war dance,
Me love the Indianola maiden so,
Come and marry Bugaboo 'fore he go.

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42. Then You'll Know You're Home

When you come to the turn where the home lights
burn
Then you're close to home!
When you meet with a smile on that last long mile,
Then you're nearer home.
When a girl comes to greet you, who prayed ev'ry
day;
When you kiss the dear face of your old mother
gray;
When her arms steal around you and cares pass
away,
Then you'll know you're home!

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19. Welcome Them Back to Their Homes

Air: My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean

Our boys have come back o'er the ocean
Our boys have come back o'er the sea,
From fighting in France and in Flanders
From fighting for you and for me.

Chorus

Welcome, welcome, welcome them back to their
homes their homes,
Welcome, welcome, oh! welcome them back to their
homes.

Our boys have come back to their country,
From fighting by night and by day,
From fighting the Germans for Freedom—
While we were at home—far away.

Our boys have come back from the fighting,
And medals of honor they wear,
For 'neath their plain tunic of khaki,
The hearts of real heroes they bear.

While over our heads there is flying
Our banner so tried and so true
Oh, there it is flying in triumph,
The Red and the White and the Blue.

Words by Frederic James
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20. A Perfect Day

When you come to the end of a Perfect Day
And you sit alone with your thought;
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought.
Do you think what the end of a Perfect Day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part?
Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey, too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong
With a wish that is kind and true.
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we've made.

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21. Mother Machree

There's a spot in me heart which no colleen may
own,
There's a depth in me soul never sounded or known;
There's a place in my mem'ry, my life that you fill,
No other can take it, no one ever will.

Chorus

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed, and wrinkled with
care,

I kiss the dear fingers, so toil-worn for me,
Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree!

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22. Old Kentucky Home

Words and Music—Stephen Foster

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
'Tis Summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's all in bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

Chorus

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh, weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

23. Auld Lang Syne

Words—Robert Burns Music—George Thomson

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never
brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days of auld
lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

24. The Rose of "No Man's Land"

There's a rose that grows on "No Man's Land"
And it's wonderful to see,
Though it's sprayed with tears,
It will live for years.
In my garden of memory,
It's the one red rose the soldier knows,
It's the work of the Master's hand;
'Mid the war's great curse
Stands the Red Cross Nurse,
She's the rose of "No Man's Land".

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12. Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning

Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed,
For the hardest blow all
Is to hear the bugler call;
You've got to get up, you've got to get up,
You've got to get up this morning!
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead;
I'll amputate his revcille, and step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

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13. Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while, so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.

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14. There's a Long, Long Trail

Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long;
I'm a-growing weary only
List'ning for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Thro' my memory,
Till it seems the world is full of dreams,
Just to call you back to me.

Chorus

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams;
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

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15. Keep the Home Fires Burning

Chorus

Keep the Home-fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of Home;
There's a silver lining,
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come Home.

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16. Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip

Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as mine,
Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
You're surely looking fine.
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
If the Camels don't get you, the Fatimas must;
Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as mine.

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17. Smiles

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the tear drops
As the sunbeams steal away the dew,
There are smiles that have a tender meaning,
That the eyes of love alone may see,
And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine
Are the smiles that you give to me.

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18. Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy

Words and Music—Lieut. Gitz Rico

Keep your head down, Fritzie boy,
Keep your head down, Fritzie boy,
Last night in the pale moonlight,
I saw you, I saw you.
You were mending your barbed wire,
When we opened rapid fire;
If you want to see your vater in your vaterland
Keep your head down, Fritzie boy.

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43. When You Come Back

When you come back, yes when you come back,
 You'll hear the Yankee cry, "Atta boy Jack!"
 And when you return, remember to bring
 Some little thing that you get from the king.
 And drop me a line from Germany,
 Do, Yankee Doodle, do;
 When you come back,
 And you will come back,
 There's the whole world waiting for you.

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44. Madelon

O Madelon you are the only one—
 O Madelon for you we'll carry on—
 It's so long since we have seen a Miss
 Won't you give us just a kiss—
 But Madelon she takes it all in fun
 She laughs and says "You see it can't be done
 I would like but how can I consent
 When I'm true to the whole regiment.

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45. Quand Madelon

Quand Madelon vient nous servir à boire,
 Sous la tonnelle où frôle son jupon,
 Et chacun lui raconte une histoire,
 Une histoire à sa façon.
 La Madelon pour nous n'est pas sévère,
 Quand on lui prend la taille on le menton.
 Elle rit, c'est tout le mal qu'elle sait faire,
 Madelon, Madelon, Madelon.

46. I'm Always Chasing Rainbows

I'm always chasing rainbows,
 Watching clouds drifting by.
 My schemes are just like all my dreams,
 Ending in the sky,
 Some fellows look and find the sunshine,
 I always look and find the rain,
 Some fellows make a winning some time,
 I never even make a gain,
 Believe me,
 I'm always chasing rainbows,
 Waiting to find a little blue bird in vain.

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47. Tune — "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Supplementary verses by Dr. O. F. Lewis

Our men have gone to battle in the lands across
 the sea;
 With the wrath of consecration they have fought
 for liberty.
 They have saved the world from horror, they have
 died for you and me;
 Their souls go marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
 Their souls go marching on.

They are coming to their loved ones from the lands
 across the sea;
 They are marching now among us on their way to
 you and me.
 They are sitting by the fireside from the moun-
 tains to the sea;
 Their fame goes marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
 Their fame goes marching on.

48. Mickey

Mickey, pretty Mickey
 With your hair of raven hue;
 In your smiling so beguiling
 There's a bit of Killarney,
 Bit of the Blarney, too.
 Childhood, in the wildwood,
 Like a mountain flow'r you grew;
 Pretty Mickey, pretty Mickey,
 Can you blame anyone for falling in love with you.

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